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THE TIMES

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Way side Gleanings.

Contentment.

Not that which men do *most* is best; Not that thing worst which men do *most* regret; But *best* is that all contented rest. [True; With what they hold; each hath his fortune in his breast.

It is the *mind* that maketh good or ill; That maketh wretched or happy, rich or poor;

For some, that hath abundance at his will, Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store; And other, that hath little, asks no more; But in that little is both rich and wise.

FOR THE TIMES.

SACRED SPOTS.

BY AURORA.

Every individual has his local attachments. No one can be found, who is not fastened to some spot of earth, by the thousand uneven threads, which habit and association are continually weaving. To many of these may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. Why, on their account, we are often indebted to the historian for the charms, which historic scenes impart; to the poet, for the pure and lofty feelings, which poetry instills; to the statesman, for the influence he has exerted in favor of our Union; to the warrior, for the danger he has undergone in delivering our Country from the oppression of a ruthless foe; to the *democrats*, for the active part they have taken in preserving it sacred since; and particularly to the *ladies* for the intrepidity, with which they have inspired America's sons in behalf of her welfare. On their account, the Canadian Indians, when once solicited to emigrate, are said to have replied, "What shall we say to the bones of our fathers, arise and go with us into a foreign land?"

As Milton why, on his thoughts lingered not longer with Adam and Eve in the grand "amphitheatre of nature"—the favorite abode of angels—the *Paradise* of God; why they withdrew from the glittering train—the conquering band of heaven, and winged their flight to a simple spot of earth, he will tell you that there his lost Catharine sleeps in undisturbed repose.

Then, ask Warsaw's last companion why, weeping, he kissed the funeral pile of his mother, and gathered a moment from the *spot* beneath which Kosciusko and Sobieski sleep.

As Charles why, on his way to the monastery of St. Juste, he stops at Gent and there indulged feelings of melancholy, he will tell you that there he first saw the cheering light of heaven; that there oblivion steals her vestal lamp, and fancy paints the scenes of days gone-by.

See Franklin, as he grasps the lighting's fiery wing and fastens it to a *sacred spot* with an iron pin.

See Josephine weep at the mention of St. Helena's isle. See Joana grow frantic at Philip's grave.

Follow the hoary-headed man, as he revisits the school of his youth;—tumult is the bell that rung at dawn of day,—unheard the shout that rent the noon-tide air, when friendly voices mingled in merry tones, and his mind filled with golden visions and romantic dreams—when some little friendship formed and cherished, there twined its wreath of happiness around his heart, but still he lingers near until the church-bell calls him hence, to view the few fond lines, that time may soon efface. Hush! ye tender emotions, hush! move not the tendrils of the heart, while here he searches the records of each mouldering stone. *Ethereal* power recalls the far-fled spirits of delight—guides of his life,—instructors of his youth, who first unsealed to him the

heart, each brightening with joy, or thrilling with sorrow as they vibrate.

Ask the adventurous boy when he left his leafy hut, and with the sons of science woed the gale, when grasping the hands of a care-worn mother and a weeping sister, he breathed his firm, yet fond adieu, when each soft scene faded in the distance, if his thoughts lingered not on that *sacred spot*, if his tears were not shed in union with loved ones there.

Ask the stranger why he sighs at the sound of revelry and song, and he will tell you when on his favorite mountain cliffs, that sound had often beguiled his infant hours.

Ask the lone traveler, who wanders in solitude amid the tempest, without a distant taper's twinkling gleam to light him on his way, why he quickly drops the silent tear, and he will tell you, his heart is sad, his home is far away.

Then, go ask Eve why she gazed despondingly upon the sacred enclosure of Eden, when, in a state of exile from that glorious kingdom, she will tell you, that *much loved spot* was formerly her *native Paradise*—a home bequeathed by the God of heaven; that there, chilling winds had never nipped the virgin bower, nor thorns or thistles grown, but nature spontaneously poured its treasures upon the velvet covering of the earth, in all its variegated forms of beauty at her feet; that there, where now glittered the golden pinions of angels, she had fearlessly indulged her star-light musings and unbroken slumbers.

Ask Newton why, after scanning the wide world, and numbering every star, he stooped to review an humble spot in nature's waste, and he will tell you, that little *spot* was first his home; 'twas there at eve he mingled in the fairy ring, and sweetened every meal with social glee; 'twas there he heard the oral tale of older time and chanted the rude song with loved companions of his youth, when life was luxury, and friendship true; 'twas there bright fancy wove her golden chain and flattered on her wildest wing.

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book of science, and revealed the hidden paths of truth, whose every word enlightened, and every look endeared, whose very names entrance his vision.

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THE PARTING.

Kitty, I'd press you to my heart,
But all such pressure you decay.
There's too much cotton, whalebone, lace,
Twix you and I.

I'd only muses the dry goods up,
And make you blubber, pout and frown,
Besides, I might, oh sad mischance!
Break whalebones down!

Farewell! I'll pray when next we meet,
And meet we may, if fashions change,
At least that we may come within
Good talking range.

Commodore Perry's Expedition.

Touching the *morality* of the means by which Commodore Perry achieved success in Japan, there may be doubt; but that that success was complete, there can be none: Two centuries ago, it was written in Japan: "So long as the sun shall warn the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know, that the king of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the Great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head!" This odd sentence well expresses the utter aversion of the Japanese government to the presence of foreigners.

The Dutch were barely tolerated there, and the people of no other nation were permitted to land. Even the Dutch were confined to a piece of territory only a few acres in extent, and were subjected to indignities which a people less patient could not have borne, even for the monopoly of a lucrative trade. Up to the time of Commodore Perry's arrival this jealousy of foreigners continued unabated, and his landing was opposed by all the small arts of Japanese diplomacy. His demands were contested as long as the Japanese officials had any hope of resisting them.

But the Commodore had nine arguments which the Japanese could not answer; namely, the Mississippi, the Susquehanna, the Pohatton, the Saratoga, the Vandala, the Supply, and other ships whose name we forget—all vessels of war bearing the flag of the second maritime power of the world. The gallant Commodore drew them up in line along the coast. Their guns commanded five miles of a populous shore. The capital of the empire could be seen from the masthead. With his *case* thus arranged, the Commodore, attended by five hundred armed men, went ashore to plead it. It is not known what the faults of the speaker may cover the faults of the orator. Men, at times, like to listen to the plain-spoken mechanic from his shop, or the farmer from his plough, as well as the fluent and graceful public speaker, and perhaps a voice from the school-room, the teacher's workshop, may command attention, though thoughts may not be clothed in flowers of rhetoric, or ideas presented in well-turned, euphonious sentences.

The little child is a living poet of expression, and takes on and gives off, with brilliant effect, the choicest forms of eloquent tone, attitude, and action. The fact that this same child becomes, in the daily drill of the school-room, a dull, monotonous reader, awkward in manner, and constrained in gesture, proves conclusively that youth is the true season for eloquent instruction. Admitting, then, both its importance and its fitness for the common school, the question arises, *How shall eloquence be taught?* I answer, Give it a place among the general exercises of the school. Two hours, in the closing afternoon of the week, may be usefully taken up in eloquent exercises, either in declamation by boys, recitation of poetry by girls, dialogues for both, or by having the whole school follow the teacher in elementary principles. Children delight in such exercises. They listen with most perfect attention to their schoolmates; and thus every good speaker becomes a teacher to the others. Let the teacher, at the opening of the week, select appropriate pieces of prose or poetry, to be committed during the week; and thus the scholar receives all the advantage of the teacher's literary taste and judgment. Let the scholars make their own selections, submitting them in all cases to the inspection of the teacher. Let amusing dialogues be selected, for with them children are delighted. The teacher cannot better occupy his own odd moments,—the ten minutes of the morning and evening recess, or the hour of intermission, if he remain in the school,—than by hearing scholars rehearse separately and privately; for any instruction so given is definite, and seldom forgotten. The teacher should give instruction in gesture, as a part of expressive eloquence. A strictly practical education,—the hard-riden hobby of material money-makers—instruction limited to reading, writing, and arithmetic, may be fitted for European serfs and peasants; but American freemen demand for their children, something above and beyond this. Fortune is it for our country, that the mighty engine of popular opinion has been brought to bear in elevating the character of the common school; fortunate for our city, that there is little of that false practical spirit which would narrow down the range of common-school studies. The general introduction of music and drawing in the schools, proves the *seas* of the empire anxiously sought for American and English works on science. They had learned to manage the miniature locomotive presented by the president, though the telegraph, was still "too much for them." In one word, the thing attempted by Commodore Perry was done.

THE TORY PINE.

Seeing mention of the Charter Oak a few days since, brought to mind the remembrance of the "Tory Pine." In the lower part of Sampson County, N. C., almost in sight of Treadwell's Cross Roads, stands a large pine, known as the "Tory Pine." This notable tree stands in a swamp surrounded by a very dense undergrowth, and can only be seen by the exercise of some trouble and patience, and the endurance of a few briar scratches.

During the Revolutionary War there were a few Tories in that region of country lying between Black River and Moore's Creek. These Tories found themselves at one time in so critical a condition as to make concealment necessary, so they encamped in the swamp and built their fires by the side of this large pine. There they concealed themselves for months, and lived by what game they could capture in the woods, and the assistance of their female relatives, who met them at stated times.

The "Tory Pine" is doubtless the monarch of many centuries, and still looks green and flourishing. It is 30 feet in circumference at the ground, and 27 feet in circumference 3 feet above the ground. The scar made by fire is 5 feet

broad and 7 feet high, and this hollow has often served as a shelter for hunters and persons working in the adjacent woods. Long may the old tree live, as a testimony to the Tories of the Revolution that more expedient to hide than to fight.

Clinton Independent.

Common Schools.

From the Massachusetts Teacher.

ELOCUTION IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

A Lecture read before the State Educational Convention, Dec. 25th 1854, by J. SWART, Principal of the Rincon School, San Francisco.

Published by request of the Committee.

"I hold," says Lord Bacon, "that every man is a debtor to his profession, from which, as men do, of course, seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they, of duty, to endeavor themselves by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereto." A sense of duty to the teacher's profession only, brings one before you at this time. It is sometimes said, whether justly or unjustly I leave others to determine, that teachers as a class are fault-finders: certain it is they are fault detectors; and in placing myself in the focus of hundreds of critical eyes, trained to detect every trip of syntax, I feel very much like the awkward schoolboy when he makes his first appearance on the school-room stage. I can only hope that the interest of the subject may cover the faults of the speaker. But the Commodore had nine arguments which the Japanese could not answer; namely, the Mississippi, the Susquehanna, the Pohatton, the Saratoga, the Vandala, the Supply, and other ships whose name we forget—all vessels of war bearing the flag of the second maritime power of the world. The gallant Commodore drew them up in line along the coast. Their guns commanded five miles of a populous shore. The capital of the empire could be seen from the masthead. With his *case* thus arranged, the Commodore, attended by five hundred armed men, went ashore to plead it. It is not known what the faults of the speaker may cover the faults of the orator. Men, at times, like to listen to the plain-spoken mechanic from his shop, or the farmer from his plough, as well as the fluent and graceful public speaker, and perhaps a voice from the school-room,

heart respond most readily to her touch. On the ear of infancy and childhood, of manhood and old age, it falls alike, a winning prelude to the melodies of Nature, a living assurance of a higher and purer sphere of being than the present. Poetry is the embodiment of the beautiful, and the beautiful is harmonious and musical. Many of the most exquisite and delicate passages of the poets can never be appreciated until repeated by the voice of woman, whose

"Lips move timelessly along,
S. me glorious page of old."

Who has not felt the voice of some little girl—the picture of innocence and beauty—thrill through the soul to waken melody, even as the evening zephyr stirs the strings of the zephyr? Let the female voice, then, be trained in the recitation of poetry, as a means of refinement, as cultivating a love of beauty, as imparting grace of manner and harmony of musical expression. The heart and the imagination, preponderant in the constitution of woman, have been but little studied in her education. In the education of man, however much the material be exalted above the ideal, woman's education should be invested with the charms of grace and gentleness, so becoming her moral sphere of influence. Rightly considered, the life of a true woman is a poem of beauty, her true sphere one of feeling, rather than action.

What are the advantages resulting from teaching elocution in the common school? The regular and stated committing of pieces strengthens the memory. I am aware that, among fast teachers of the day, it is fashionable to scout the idea of a child's committing anything not perfectly comprehended and understood; and to consider verbatim memory-exercises as obsolete. The old system, indeed, had too much of parrot-like repeating, but reason suggests the golden mean, without either extreme. Passages learned by heart and stored up in the memory, are materials to be used by reason in after life.

It cultivates a taste for reading. Every teacher knows how eagerly the young elocutionist hunts after a "good piece to speak," and how many are often read before a satisfactory choice could be made.

Many a dusty library is ransacked, many an old book dragged into light, many a time-worn volume despoiled of its literary gems, many a newspaper loses its corner piece of stray poetry, and many a choice volume read, that otherwise would have remained unnoticed and uncared for.

It makes a scholar familiar with the choicest passages of English literature; and amid the accumulated and accumulating rubbish of fashionable reading, this is no minor consideration. The boy gathers strength from the orations of Cicero, Demosthenes, Burke, Chatham, Webster, and Clay; and the girl adorns her own mind with the poetic gems of Hemans, Sigourney, Cook, and Howitt.

It awakens and exercises imagination and feeling. What teacher has not seen the eye kindle, the vacant countenance take expression, the face glow with emotion; and the whole boy become lost in the sentiment of his declamation? An English writer said he could never hear the old ballad of Chevy Chase, without feeling his heart beat at the blast of a trumpet. What American boy can recite that thrilling lyric of Drake—the American Flag, without feeling a prouder glow of enthusiastic patriotism?

It improves manner. The scholar carefully trained to grace of gesture and attitude on the stage, will appear graceful and easy and natural in the drawing room. The vast importance of the cultivation of manner was too much overlooked in our schools. A man's manner influences directly and powerfully his success among his fellow-men; and shall this part of his training be neglected? The young girl well instructed in gesture, acquires more grace of movement than the dancing master and ball-room can ever give; because the latter is purely artificial and mechanical, while the former is prompted by intellectual action, and has the grace of natural expression. True, there are those in society who pride themselves on their bluntness,—who shake hands with you like a bear, and whose faces are never lighted up by a sunbeam of the soul,—whose blood never warms in social intercourse. They are refrigerators of society.

It refines feeling. It requires no close observer to perceive the effect of poetry on the youthful mind. Childhood delights in the melody of verse, and is pleased with its flowing harmony of sound. It is embodied some of the most beautiful lessons of morality; and they are presented in a manner which arrests the attention and impresses the mind. "Let me write the ballad and songs of a people," says one, "and I care not who wakes the laws."

It cultivates self-possession and self-confidence. That boy who can stand up before an audience and act well his part, has more confidence in himself than before; and a high standard of true self-respect ought to be encouraged in every scholar.

It is pleasant to children. What children delight in, they do with a whole soul. They often find the "sylvan routine" of school duties, dull and tiresome; let them, then, turn to something which may

refresh and juvenile their spirits. If, then, these combined advantages may be expected to result, even to a small extent let elocutionary training begin where it ought,—in the common school.

The necessity of elocutionary culture somewhere in our course of education, is self-evident. Take American public speakers, as a class, whether at the bar, in the pulpit, on the stump, or in the lecture-room. One stands with his hands in his breeches pockets, another in the attitude of a boxer; one bows to the earth like a Chinese Mandarin, another rests his body on his fore-paws, like an orang-outang; one offends the eye by wild, meaningless, uncouth, frantic gesticulations, another stands stock still, stiff and firm, like a cast-iron city lamp-post. And the melody of the human voice,—that is heard and felt in the barrel-like bass of the pulpit, in linked sweetness, long drawn out; in the hacking, turgid, jagged, jarring style of the bar; and the bawling, shouting, vociferating vehemence of the stump orator. One has the high, piping, thin, shrill, sharp, piercing note of a steam whistle, and the screech grates on the ear like the filing of a saw; another, the gruff, guttural voice of old Falstaff, over a pot of sack; the voice of a third comes from his gullet, and assaults the ear like the bass tones of an organ-grinder; a fourth has the regular Yankee nasal twang; and the last rants and mouths like a stage-struck youth.

The leading part New England took in common schools, has given a character to American education, and a cast to American public-speaking. The people of New England have a chill exterior, which freezes the genial stream of expressive feeling, and their characteristic manner is reserved, rigid, severe, cold, hard, dry, blunt, and angular. The New England style of oratory is passionless and inexpressive. This disregard to manner, which has too often made the student and the speaker the butt of ridicule, ought to be remedied.

It is true the golden age of oratory has been succeeded by the age of printing. The orator no longer sways with the thunder of eloquence, the turbulent current of popular opinion: the small voice of the newspaper speaks to the millions of the nation, in the busy mart, and the retirement of home. But the thronging together of men in great cities, the prevalence of lyceums and lectures and political mass-meetings, give the public speaker no small degree of influence.

Fellow Teachers,—let me ask you to give this subject a careful and thoughtful consideration. Make a practical application of the theory; and, if it does not stand the test of the school-room, it will take but little time, and can do no harm. But if it does bear the test, introduce elocution into the common school. Introduce it to exercise and strengthen memory, to awaken feeling and excite imagination. Introduce it to cultivate a love of reading, to give self-respect, to improve manner. Introduce it as a relief from study, a pleasing recreation, and a source of intellectual enjoyment. Introduce it to train those who are to enter the professions, to become graceful, eloquent, soul-stirring speakers. Introduce it as a part of the aesthetic education so peculiarly appropriate for woman. Make it a part of the education of man, an expressive, sympathetic being, possessing a soul as well as mind.

ORIGIN OF ONE OF OUR MOST POPULAR SONGS.—The "Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Samuel B. Woodworth, while yet he was a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets, New York. Near by, in Franklin street, was a drinking house, kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was super excellent, Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and smacking his lips declared that Mallory's *eru* *eru* was superior to any that he had ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken, there was one which in both our estimations far surpassed this in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draughts of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink in the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer." The tear drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True, true," he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in a half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

LILLE LINDEN.—It may not, perhaps be generally known to our readers, that this talented young lady, has been constrained by the force of circumstances to abandon the publication of the "Ladies Repository"—the most deserving enterprise of the kind which has ever been undertaken in this city. We had indulged the hope that our citizens would have sustained the fair "Lille" or, more ap-

propriately, "Lily," in her praiseworthy efforts to establish a literary journal in the metropolis of Virginia, but we might have anticipated the result which has taken place. Our people prefer to support the trashy papers published in the Northern cities. Not even the appeals of a beautiful maiden, or the fact that the subscription fee was only \$1 per annum, could divert them from their indifference to the fate of an excellent literary periodical published in their midst. But this is an unpleasant theme to dwell upon, and we will drop it with the remark that Lille, before her departure for the West, where she will now locate, settled in full with her printer, and refunded a considerable amount of subscription money which had been paid in advance.—*Rich. Whig.*

Urgs of the Day.

Neufchâtel.

The events which have taken place recently in the Swiss Canton of Neufchâtel, and which will probably give rise to an interchange of diplomatic notes, if not to another European conference, are of sufficient importance to demand a brief recapitulation of the cause from which they have sprung. A late number of the New York *Evening Post* furnishes the necessary information.

The principality of Neufchâtel and the county of Valençin, (or, as Frederick William IV, has rechristened them, "Neuenburg and Valençin," their original German names,) have an area of fourteen German square miles, and contain a population of sixty thousand souls. In 1808, after frequent changes in the dynasty, and upon the death of the last heiress of the house of Longueville, the Diet of the principality selected, from fifteen claimants to the succession, Frederick I, of Prussia. At the peace of Utrecht the European powers recognised the right and title of the King of Prussia to Neufchâtel.

In 1808, Prussia ceded Neufchâtel to Napoleon, who transferred it to Marshal Berthier. At the peace of Paris, Neufchâtel was retroceded to Prussia, and by the treaty of Vienna it was allowed to join the Swiss Confederation.

Its intimate relations with Switzerland, and the continued absence of its prince, who was represented by a Governor, a Prussian General, had the effect, notwithstanding the mild constitutional government, of arousing the republican sympathies of a large portion of the population, which resulted in an insurrection on the occasion of the July revolution of 1830, which was suppressed at the time, but burst forth again, and with complete success, in 1848. On the 30th of April the republican constitution was adopted by the meagre majority of 5813 against 5393 votes, and ratified in the Swiss Diet by the votes of all the Cantons except Schwyz. The Prussian minister in Switzerland, however, in the name of his master, entered a formal protest against the entire proceedings.

The republicans having decreed the sale of the public domains and ecclesiastical property, the Prussian Cabinet on the 13th July, 1850, declared all such sales to be null and void. In the London Conference of 1852 it procured the recognition by the great powers of its title to "Neuenburg and Valençin," and in the recent Peace Congress at Paris, Prussia again referred to the subject, reminding the powers there represented that Neufchâtel was the only spot in Europe where title and possession, guaranteed by law and by treaty, were set at defiance by revolutionary proceedings. In the same year, too, the king of Prussia conferred a title of nobility upon a citizen of Neufchâtel, thus exercising his right, as a monarch, of conferring favors and rewards upon his subjects.

In the meantime the royalist party had, as early as 1840, when Prussian troops were sent to suppress the insurrection in Baden, attempted to regain possession of the government. Although the attempt failed, the party still remained sufficiently numerous to inspire their opponents with fear. The hopes of the former were again raised by the division of the latter into two factions, the governmentals and the independents. The cause of this split was the railroad question. The government, in order to insure the continued favor of the industrious highlanders, the Montagnards, among whom it found its warmest adherents, gave the preference to Mr. David Young, and sister to Felix, expressed a strong desire to go with her brother and father a mother, who were also of the company. Her master prompted by his well known kindness of heart, did not hesitate a moment, but cheerfully told her to go, and be free, if she desired it. She did go, and the party located at Chicago, Illinois, but on Friday night last she arrived here safe and sound, having traveled alone all the way from Chicago, where she left balance of the family. The woman is the wife of Guilford, the barber, to whom we are indebted for a graphic description of his profound astonishment upon waking up one night last week, and finen' de old woman in de bed wid him.

We have not seen her, but Guilford

says she has seen enough of frost, snow, ice, and free negroes.

We commend this case to the attention of Mrs. Stowe.—*Atlanta Ind.*, Oct. 4.

As the royalists thus had a prospect of

gaining their object in a legal and constitu-

tional manner nobody dreamed that they would have recourse to extreme measures; in fact, it does not appear upon what they could have grounded their hopes of success for their revolutionary proceeding. Had their opponents in the canton not been able to overpower them, the federal council would have interfered, and the troops of the confederation would have been called into service. As it is, their hopes have been annihilated by their own imprudence. The Independents have already forsaken them, their leader, Col. Denzler, having led the republicans in attack on the castle.

THE SOUNDINGS FOR THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

—The following account, addressed to the editor of the Illustrated London News, will be read with interest:

"Not a single rock has been met with, not a particle of gravel or sand has been brought up, but it appears as if nature had provided a bed 'soft as a snow bank,' to use Maury's own words, for the express purpose of receiving a telegraph cable.

"Lieut. Berryman says that he is satisfied that the lead, with the sounding apparatus, has frequently buried itself ten or fifteen feet deep in this soft material, and he doubts not that the cable will likewise sink and imbed itself in a similar manner.

The greatest depth attained has been two thousand and seventy fathoms, (about two and a third miles;) but perhaps the most remarkable and at the same time the most satisfactory result is the perfect confirmation which these soundings give of the opinion expressed by Lieut. Maury as to the existence of a great flat or level at the bottom of the ocean, unparalleled by any thing on the surface of the earth, and which he proposes to name 'The Telegraph Plateau.' For more than thirteen hundred miles the bottom of the Atlantic, in the direct line of our track, is found by these soundings to present an almost unbroken level plain. Nature has thus placed no obstacle in the way of this great undertaking which may, not by cautious perseverance be overcome; but, nay, rather (if we except the enormous length of the cable which will be required) it would seem that the line to be followed by the Atlantic cable presents absolutely fewer engineering difficulties than the shorter route (though more complex, from the nature of the bottom) on which the Mediterranean cable must be laid."

WHAT RAILROADS DO FOR THE INTERIOR.

—The Pennsylvanian railroad furnishes the amplest evidence of what railroads can do for building up the wealth of a State. Along its route new towns have sprung up with wonderful rapidity, and the agricultural and mineral resources of the magnificent country through which runs the iron horse have been developed to a remarkable extent. Look at the town of Altoona, at the foot of the mountains. A few years ago what is now a town of about five thousand inhabitants consisted of two or three houses at most. There is now no more flourishing and prosperous inland town in the State. There are five churches in the place, viz. Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran, Baptist, and Catholic. It supports six public schools, employing seven teachers, two private academies, a book store, and first-class family newspaper, which furnish ample evidence of the intelligence of the population.

Altoona is the site of the extensive workshops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the headquarters of the corporation. It contains two banking-houses, and a number of the most prosperous mercantile establishments in the interior of the State. It boasts of the largest hotel outside of Pittsburgh or Philadelphia, and supports numerous minor ones. We think the town is destined to be one of the largest, as it is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and bustling, in the interior of Pennsylvania. And all because the Central railroad was constructed. When the Keystone State is like Massachusetts, "gridironed" by railroads, what an empire will be within itself!—[*Phil. Evening Journal.*]

COTTON.—The reports of killing frost

in the South have all proved to be false. The wish was father to the thought. The New York Post says:

"The planters complain a little, but

though attention is fixed on the daily acci-

ments from the interior, Messrs. Neill

Brothers & Co. write that they have yet

to learn that any material damage has

been done. The receipts have improved

this week, amounting, at all points, to 68,

000 bales, against 70,000 last year, mak-

ing the total 180,000 against 250,000

bales last season, to present date. The

decrease is, however, expected to be fully

recovered by the end of November. Res-

pecting prices, Neill, Brothers & Co. ven-

ture on the following opinion:

"There has been nothing during the past

year to interfere with the upward course

which prices have taken so far since the

opening of the season. Cotton has not at

present arrived in sufficient quantities to

supply the early demands of French orders

and the wants of home consumers, and

until they are satisfied for a time, it does

not appear that a lower range of prices can

be calculated upon. The reports from

the interior have exercised considerable

influence on some operators lately, and

over anxious buyers have manifested such

eagerness in the purchase of cotton, that

prices are yet supported at rates which

cannot be expected to be maintained after

their present requirements have been met

by larger supplies.

PROLIFIC.—A negro woman belonging

to Captain Booker, of Missouri, gave birth,

some time ago, to three living children.

She is fifty years old.

WILMINGTON POST-OFFICE ROBBED.

—Wilmington (Del.), Oct. 16.—The Post

Office in this city was robbed last night.

George M. Townsend, the mail robber,

escaped from the New Castle jail on Tues-

Great storm on Long Island Sound.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—The steamer

Connecticut, of Norwich and Boston line,

while on her passage to Norwich last night

encountered a terrific storm in the Sound,

Original Poetry.

FOR THE TIMES.

DEATH OF CRAMER.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

[THOMAS CRANNER, Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, and a victim of Papal persecution, suffered martyrdom at the stake. Previous to his death, he had, under promise of life and worldly comforts, been induced to sign a written recantation of his Protestant faith—but which act he afterwards sincerely repented. Whilst suffering in the flames, he dying, exclaimed: "I repent the recantation—this hand penned it—I shall suffer first!"]

The pile was lit, while round him stood Friar and bishop, layman and priest; Peaceful his face—happy his mood.

As though it was a marriage feast!

It was a marriage feast, indeed—The fierce flames the rapturous sped;—And as life did from the body recede,

It flew to the Savior, whom it had wed.

As upward the flames to the skies did ascend, Stoedfast he stood through the trying hour; Sweet-angels of peace did his presence attend, Bearing him a balm of refreshing power.

His serene and radiant dying gaze

Filled the hearts of his murderers with fear;

"Even an angel from God," they said in amaze,

"Could scarce more calmly appear!"

But once his heart failed him! 'Twas when With sorrow he thought of his fall;

But God's smile of forgiveness beamed then,

And lifted from his heart the dark pall.

Stoedfast he stood in the flame,

And stretching to the burning brand,

Crying said, "To cleanse my polluted name,

FIRST PERISH THOU UNWORTHY HAND!"

Bridgeport, Ct., 1856.

Our Easy Chair.

"Always laugh while you can—it is a cheap medicine. Mirthfulness is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence."

Brown imagines that "the natural diet of an infant being milk, accounts for its scream."

What does your husband deal in, marm? "He deals in cards chiefly."

Well the de'il will be apt to get him when the last trump is played.

"Madam," said a bad imitation of a gentleman, with a cigar, to a lady in a railroad car, "does smoking inconvenience you? I don't know sir; no gentleman ever smoked in my presence." The cigar was put out.

A St. Louis paper says that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county, Mo., and the last that was heard from them, they were seated on the corners of the fence, beginning every man for a chew."

MATRIMONY.—*Gastronomic Names.* The following announcement appear in the Philadelphia papers: "Married on the 10th instant, by the Rev. G. Oram, Mr. William Greaser, to Miss Hannas Kitchen both of Cheltenham county, Pa."

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.—The Kentucky American says: "The whiskey crop will be greater this season than it has been for years in Kentucky."—The other great Kentucky staple—hemp—will, we doubt not, be proportionately in demand.

WHAT A MAN SHOULD BE ALPHABETICALLY.—Affectionate, bold, candid, daring, enterprising, faithful, grateful, honorable, indefatigable, just, kind, loving, moral, noble, obliging, polite, quick, religious, sociable, truthful, upright, valiant, watchful, exemplary, y's, and zealous.

DURABLE.—An advertiser in an Irish paper lately, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes among other particulars observed that these sashes would last forever, and afterwards, if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for old iron.

"This Animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of this tail, and the same length back again, making in all 28 feet. He cries in the woods in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all that comes to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."

An Attachment.

We have heard a good story of which an Alabama Sheriff was the hero. Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him at term time, he stopped at the door of a beautiful widow, on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way had often bestowed melting glances upon the aforesaid sheriff. He was admitted, and the widow appeared; the confusion and fright which the arrival of her visitor occasioned, set off to a greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow. Her cheeks wore the beautiful blushed tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled the rosebuds upon which the morning dew yet lingered, and her eyes were like quivers of Cupid. After a few common place remarks, the sheriff remarked:

"Madam, I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow as she with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence—at length he said:

"Madam will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court!" replied the lady, with a merry laugh; then shaking her head she said:

"No sir! this is not leap year, and therefore, I greatly prefer that you should proceed to court."

"But Madam, the Justice is waiting."

"Let him wait, I'm not disposed to hurry matters in so unbecoming a manner; and besides, sir, I greatly prefer a minister to a Justice of the Peace."

A light downed upon the sheriff's brain; and rising from his chair in solemn dignity, said:

"Madam, there is a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak commands me to bring you instantly before Squire C., to answer a contempt of court in disobeying a subpoena in the case of Smith vs. Jones."

We drop the curtain.

CONTENDRUM:—How is a sorcer affected by a rainy night? It is changed to a sorcer.

The Farmer.

Matches.

Among articles of great demand, that have become of importance, though apparently insignificant in our own day, there is nothing more worthy of notice than the Friction or Lucifer Match. About twenty years ago, Chemistry abolished the tinder-box; and the burnt rag that made the tinder, went to make paper. Slowly did the invention spread. The use of the match is now so established, that machines are invented to prepare the splints.

In New York, one match manufacturer annually cuts up a large raft of timber for matches. Matches are generally square, and thirty thousand splints are cut in a minute. The process of shaping round matches is more elaborate, and only four thousand five hundred splints are cut in a minute. We will follow a bundle of eighteen hundred of thin splints, each four inches long, through its conversion into three thousand six hundred matches.

Without being separated, each end of the bundle is first dipped into sulphur. When dry, the splints, adhering to each other by means of the sulphur, must be parted by what is called dusting. A boy, sitting on the floor with a bundle before him, strikes the matches with a sort of mallet on the dipped ends, till they become thoroughly loosened. They have now to be plunged into a preparation of phosphorus, or chloride of potash, according to the quality of the match. The phosphorus produces the pale, noiseless fire; the chloride of potash, the sharp, crackling illumination. After this application of the more inflammable substance, the matches are separated and dried in racks.

Thoroughly dried they are gathered up again into bundles of the same quantity, and are taken to the boys, who cut them; for the reader will have observed that the bundles are dipped at each end. There are few things more remarkable in manufactures than the extraordinary rapidity of this cutting process, and that which is connected with it. The boy stands before a bench, the bundle on his right hand, a pile of empty boxes on his left. The matches are to be cut, and the boxes filled by this boy.

A bundle is opened; he seizes a portion knowing, by long habit, the required number with sufficient exactness; puts them rapidly into a sort of frame, knocks the ends evenly together, confines them with a strap, which he tightens with his foot, and cuts them in two parts with a knife on a hinge, which he brings down with a strong leverage. The halves lie projecting over each side of the frame; he grasps the left portion, and thrusts it into a half-open box, which slides into an outer case; and he repeats the process with the matches on his right hand.—These series of movements is performed with a rapidity almost unexampled; for in this way, two hundred thousand matches are cut, and two thousand boxes filled, in a day, by one boy.

It is a law of this manufacture that the demand is greater in the summer than in the winter. The increased summer demand for the matches, shows that the great consumption is among the masses—the laboring population—those who make up the vast majority of the contributors to the wealth there is always fire; in the houses of the poor, fire is a needless hourly expense. Then comes the match to supply the want—to light the afternoon fire to boil the kettle. It is now unnecessary to run to the neighbor for a light, or as a desperate resource to work at the tinder-box.

The matches sometimes fail; but they cost little, and so they are freely used, even by the poorest. Their value was sufficiently shown when an English officer, in camp at Sebastopol, recently wrote home, that no want was greater, than that of the ready means of procuring fire and light, and that he should hold a box of matches cheap at half a crown (fifty cents of our currency).—Student and School Magazine.

TOO MUCH LAND.

The great error with our American Agriculturalists is a morbid desire to own and occupy more land than they can cultivate, and is capable of being reduced to rules as precise and accurate, and we may add, as successful as those which regulate the manipulatory processes of the practical chemist. Washington, whose discriminating powers were certainly of an exalted order, in one of his valuable epistles to the celebrated Arthur Young says:

"The agriculture of this country is indeed low; and the primary cause of its being so is, that instead of improving a little ground well we attempt too much, and do it ill. A half, a third, or even a fourth of what we mangle, well wrought and properly dressed, would produce more than the whole, under our system of management."

Few apothegms, uttered by the sage of Mount Vernon, are possessed of greater force than this, even at this day, and it would be well for our agriculturalists who are so anxious to extend the limits of their farms, without manifesting any further desire to augment their productiveness and, profit, if they would ponder it more carefully, and act more in accordance with the system it suggests.

The 1,500 Prizes of \$40 are determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the Capital Prize of \$15,000. The Capital Prize will, of course, end with one of the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Those Whole Tickets ending with the same figure as the last in the Capital will be entitled to \$40. All and Quarters in proportion.

Persons sending money by mail need not fear its being lost. Orders punctually attended to. Communications confidential.

Bank Notes of sound Banks taken at par.

Those wishing particular numbers should order immediately.

Address, JAMES F. WINTER,

(27:1)y Manager, Macon, Ga.

SOUTHERN LOTTERY: on the Havana Plan!! Prizes Guaranteed: \$102,000!! Only 15,000 numbers!! Prizes payable without deduction!

JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY: BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

Class, To be drawn in the city of Montgomery, Alabama, in public, on THURSDAY, November 13, 1856, on the Plan of **SINGLE NUMBERS!**

SAMUEL SWAN, Manager.

30,000 Tickets only! Prizes amounting to

\$200,000 will be distributed according to the following

UNRIVALLED SCHEME!

1 Prize of \$15,000

1 " 20,000

1 " 25,000

1 " 30,000

1 " 35,000

1 " 40,000

2 Prizes of 1,000

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